

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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PUBLISHERS' CARD.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW STORY, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the DECEMBER number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of \$2000.

With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our *Magazine* into their paper, though without the author's admirable illustrations. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

A MORNING AT A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

MY DEAR SIR,—Why don't you send reporters to the fashionable churches? Why, I want to know, do the newspapers report lectures, concerts, operas, dramas, vaudivilles, comedies, ay, even dirt cartmen's meetings, yet have never a word for the assemblies at the fashionable churches, which, as every one will admit, are far more instructive and edifying? I do, now and then, see a sermon reported. When the Rev. Ichabod Surplice, who was perverted from Protestantism, preaches on the gross errors of the Reformation; when the Rev. Mrs. Panta Loons preaches on the text "Wives,

submit yourselves unto your husbands," and proves that the apostle meant no such thing, but the very opposite—then, indeed, I perceive that the daily papers send reporters; and you, Sir, frequently give us the marrow of their report. But why is the practice not general? Believe me, you would do the public a vast good were you to send your corps of artists and writers to each fashionable church in town, and daguerreotype for us the scenes which take place there every Sunday morning. Who knows but you might be the means of bringing some erring soul from the depths of vulgar religion to the shining light of gilt-edged and perfumed piety?

I am a plain fellow, myself. We live in a pretty fair town in the interior of the Maine State. We are plain folk, and carry out the Maine Law among us, though we've only convicted one chap, and he was an Irishman. We have a nice, trim, little church, and a first-rate minister—a Down-Easter—who preaches twice a day on Sunday, and teaches our young folk a'most every day of the week. He ain't what you'd call a smart fellow; he never pitches into the Catholics or the Unitarians; he never gets into a fume about slavery; he don't muddle plain folk's brains about transubstantiation or other tough doctrines, which are not for farmers to understand. But he just reads a few plain chapters from the Good Book, and explains all the hard verses as he goes along; and then he gives out a few verses of a psalm, and Aunt Betty and Cousin Mary they lead the singing, and we all join in, some in tune, some out of tune; and then he preaches a plain sermon, and tells us we oughtn't to sell short weight, or to mix our seed, or to overwork our help, or to let our children be idle and ignorant, or to suffer any poor, homeless creature to go hungry from our door. So, you see, preaching thus, and being besides a very kind sociable man, who comes every day to see any body who's sick, and a mighty favorite of the young ones, our minister rather suits us plain folk. I reckon that if he was hard pressed there'd be a good many purses open to him; and a good many strong chaps, I tell you, a standing before his door if any one wanted to do him a hurt. But bless you, there doesn't live the creature that doesn't love

our minister Jeremiah— Never mind his other name.

I was going to say that having come to New York on business, my cousin, John Brown, whom you know I daresay, asked me what I did o' Sundays? adding, with a kind of snigger, that if regalias and sherry suited me, I would find him and them in the library all day.

I said I was a country chap, and mostly worshipped once a day at least.

On this he laughed, and bade his wife—a monstrous fine woman, I tell you—take me to church with her.

So I went, walking after Mrs. Brown, for she and her daughter, Arabella, quite filled the sidewalk with their dresses. When we reached the church door a fashionable sort of man bowed to Mrs. Brown, and came forward to meet her. Seeing him bareheaded, I thought he was the minister, and, says I—wanting to be civil—"How do you do, Reverend Sir?" Upon which that minx Arabella nearly choked herself with a laugh, and cried, "Uncle Obadiah, why that's the sexton!"

He led the way to a pew, and opened the door; after we had gone in he closed it. I had a mind to give him six-pence, but hadn't change handy, so I nodded, as much as to say, "You score one." He stared in a mighty insolent way, and walked down the aisle like a Rajah's state elephant.

I noticed that the gentlemen, the moment they entered the church, poked their noses into their hats, and held them there for a good minute. Why is this, Mr. Editor? Do they find the air of the church overpower them? Do they carry snuff in their hats? I like to know the reasons of every thing; so when the gentleman before us had gone through the ceremony, I just stretched over and took up his hat to look at it. It was a common hat, much like my own. There was nothing in it that I could see but the maker's name. So I gave it back to him, apparently much to his relief.

I was thinking over it when the music struck up a lively air with variations. I am good at music myself, and would have given a good many dollars to have had my old banjo with me at that moment to have accompanied the organist; as it was, I tapped time with my fingers on the pew—

till I saw the minister walking up the junior pulpit.

Then I stopped, of course, and the service began. I will say nothing of that old Anglican service, Mr. Editor, except that it seems to me the most touching and beautiful composition in our language, all written as it is in the grand old Saxon tongue; so plain that a child can understand it; so noble and mighty that the greatest mind finds it fill its grasp; cunningly adapted to touch some chord in every breast, and by turns to appeal to the rich, to the poor, to the happy, to the sorrowful, to the believer, and even to the skeptic. There was a Roman Catholic, or mayhap an infidel (poor fellow!)—a Frenchman and a poet of infinite grace and sympathy—ah! he died only a few months ago—who used to say that he could never read the Anglican Litany without tears. How few of us Protestants have as much heart as poor De Musset!

There were not many tears shed in my part of the church that morning. If there had been I should have seen them, for the ladies' hats didn't even cover their eyes. Their eyes were very busy—a milliner, I should say. The lady in front of us had her book upside down; the two behind us got into a violent quarrel about somebody's bonnet, which one of the two said was new, while the other pretended it was an old one turned. They carried on the quarrel furiously, making the responses all the time. The effect was curious.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*angrily*). "I tell you I saw it hanging at Mrs. — (Slightly). 'Good Lord deliver us.'"

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*fervently*). "I tell you it was brown, with feathers, last summer. (Tenderly). 'We beseech Thee to hear us.'"

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*avergily*). "You're a fool! (Beseechingly). 'Grant us Thy peace.'"

SECOND YOUNG LADY (*with dignity*). "Mrs. Impudence! (With meekness). 'Have mercy upon us.'"

THE MAMMA (*authoritatively*). "Hold your tongues! 'Reward us after our iniquities.'"

One of the churchwardens, or deacons, or vestrymen (I don't know what they are called), took out his note-book and figured away during the pray—



COMING OUT OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

Punta Arenas. In both the last-named brilliant battles no lives were lost on our side, and the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I hope that Congress will vote all of them swords, or thanks, or medals, or something of that sort; and as I see that some Pawnee Indians are soon to visit this city, I would recommend that the smallest, tenderest child in the group should be roasted in the Park, under the direction and supervision of the Common Council. Meanwhile let the troops in Florida stick to hunting the female members of the Bowlegs family. It is quite good sport, I have no doubt, and much safer than attacking the old rascal in his proper person.

RELIEVING BROADWAY.

I DON'T think the Arcade plan suggested lately in the *Weekly* will answer. Shops in Arcades are never popular. The Grand Passage in Brussels is perhaps the only exception. The Rue de Rivoli, the Passage des Panoramas, and the Passage de l'Opera, in Paris, are occupied chiefly by small dealers. The grand shops are on the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, the Rue de Richelieu, and the Rue de la Paix. The carriage way in our chief avenue is wide enough if we were not bored by an overplus of omnibuses, which saunter lazily along at the rate of two miles an hour. Why should not half these nuisances be obliged to drive up the side streets, and turn into Broadway at Union

have singularly bad voices, and are shockingly out of time and tune. Away with them!

DOGOGRAPHS.

BY A FAST YOUNG PUPPY.
I.—THE LOW DOG.

His name is Towzer, *alias* Pincher, *alias* Boxer, *alias* Dash, *alias* Now-then, *alias* Here-you, *alias* Get-out, *alias* Come-out-of-that. He has also been called S-s-s-tt. He is of a mongrel breed—as you may see—and aristocratic dogs looked down upon him in his most prosperous days. He was born in a neighborhood known by the euphonious name of "Back-slums," and his mother and father made their living in ways not recognized by, and scarce to be mentioned to, the ears polite of reputable dogs. The one found her means of subsistence among the offal and garbage of the street; while the other—rather a vicious dog in his way—was an adroit thief, always upon the alert to pry into neglected market-baskets, and known and feared of the corner butchers, from whose stalls he had made a stolen meal.

In his puppy days, our low dog was bright and quick. His sportive gambols won him many a kindly glance, and more than an occasional bone, from the dwellers in his street. And there was a time when, had the little puppy fallen into proper hands, he would have been something honest. But

posit ostentatiously in its coat pockets a sausage, wrapped in a handkerchief, the end of which was permitted to stick out in view of our low dog's hungry eyes. The master turned his attention to another part of the room. Driven by hunger, Towzer made his way cautiously to the lay-figure, and, keeping one eye upon his master, who pretended to be looking out of the window, carefully and silently drew the handkerchief and coveted sausage from the pocket. Three gulps put down the last, and then Towzer, looking up guiltily, found the eye of his master fixed upon him in an approving smile.

In short, Towzer had taken his first lesson in picking pockets. His new master had discerned in him an apt scholar—and he was not deceived. A few weeks' training sufficed to make our low dog an expert at his new business; and now he was started out at ten o'clock each day, on an empty stomach, to work for his dinner—which was earned only when he had carried to his master at least a dozen handkerchiefs.

Towzer rather liked the excitement of his profession. But one day a watchful policeman saw him in the act of making off with a pocket-handkerchief, followed him, and caught both him and his master. Towzer's master was judged, Towzer was cast upon the world with the habits of a bad trade upon him, fell into ill hands, lost character upon the street, sank lower and lower till even his former companions disowned him; and, finally, having con-

nourished exclusively on that agreeable oleaginous compound known as the 'fat of the land,' My first draught of milk was taken in the lap of Luxury. I have never had the slightest distemper; and can lay my paw on my heart and affirm, on the honor of a Blenheim, that I never saw a flea in my life!

"I was the eldest and handsomest of a litter of five; the other four brats were drowned. It is the fashion—which is as much as to say the majority of a family to the interests of one favored member. Some two-legged people in Britain have the like fashion, I have been informed.

"Of course I was brought up by hand. My mother, being high-born, was delicate, and could not be expected to take the trouble of nursing me. Besides, in our station in life family ties do not count for much, and we have long ago done away with squeamish affections.

"Having grown up into a handsome dog—as it was quite natural I should—I became a member of the family of Lady Flora Puglove; pleased with the thought of there seeing something of life, and earning the distinctions which I coveted.

"I have heard in my time a great deal of nonsense about the fidelity of the dog. I dare say it may be a very necessary virtue among the lower canine orders. For my own part, I admit frankly that I was always remarkably fickle in my affec-



THE LOW DOG.



THE FAST DOG.

Square? To make it perfectly fair, the several lines might be divided so that they could take Broadway on alternate days. There would still be omnibuses enough for the public in Broadway, while persons who had a long distance to ride would get over the ground much faster, because the omnibus-drivers being of a speculative, inquiring, and imaginative turn of mind, as well as extremely social in their habits, have so much swearing, and talking, and looking at the shops, or fights, or horses who have fallen down, or exchanging salutations with numerous Bills and Jims in a crowded thoroughfare, that their progress is considerably impeded. I hope that the new Mayor does not own any omnibus stock, and that as soon as he gets through with Mr. Flagg's figures he will look into the matter, and also do away with the nuisance of a crowd of omnibuses in front of the places of amusement at night.

ANOTHER SMALL NUISANCE.

"Book of the Opera, Sir! Book of the Opera! Book of the Opera!" That's the *entr'acte* at the Academy every night. It must be stopped altogether, or else the artists must be sent in front to sell the books. The words might be bearable if arranged in a *cabaleta*, and sung by Madame de la Grange, as Mary Taylor used to sing "Hot Corn" long ago; but the youths who chant them now

those same qualities, which would have made him, under proper auspices, a kindly play dog, and, when matured, a faithful and useful house-dog, became, when perverted, the means of binding him down to his present condition. Uncared for by his father and mother, our low dog spent his puppy days in the streets among other puppies of low degree. Here, while he won himself a cheap distinction by his superiority in puppyish tricks, he was soon introduced to the petty misdemeanors of his companions, and early became a skillful young thief, with a keen eye to a carelessly-carried piece of meat, and an alert step down an open area.

At length, caught in the act of abstracting a sausage from a market woman's basket, he felt himself grabbed by the neck, and, looking up whinily, beheld the face of his first master. This individual, smooth, cat-like, and plausible, first looked at our low dog with a scowl which frightened him; and then, tying a rope about his neck, told him, in a determined tone, to "come along."

Our dog soon thought his fortune made. He was taken to what seemed to him a sumptuously-furnished apartment, where he was first washed and caused to look respectable; then well fed—how he did gormandize!—and then left for twenty-four hours alone with a basin of water. When he had grown ravenously hungry his master reappeared. He proceeded to dress up a lay-figure, and to de-

tracted all manner of bad habits, became a confirmed and notorious market loafer, brawler, and common thief. He will probably end his career by a violent death; in fact, he would probably have been shot ere this, had any one thought him worth the necessary powder.

II.—THE FAST DOG.

The fast dog is something of a braggart, and tells his own story:

"I am sick of life—sick as a dog. I have exhausted every pleasure in it, and am prepared to say that the world is a bore. Nothing excites me; nothing amuses me. If you were to get up, for my especial gratification, a concert of sixteen cats and fiddles; if you were to train a whole herd of cows to jump over the moon in my presence; if you were to take me to a coursing match, where the swiftest of gray-spoons should be hunted by a pack of thorough-bred dishes—none of these exciting sports would make this dog laugh.

"I am a British dog. I need not tell you this, for your true-born Briton is recognized at once. He is superior to all other beings. I come of one of the first families in the land—am, in fact, one of those envied dogs who may be said to be born with silver skewers in their mouths. My habitual residence through life has been in the snugest corner of the comfortable land of Clover. I have been

tions. I got tired of Lady Flora in a fortnight. Her lavish attentions bored me, and, after all, her society was not strictly first-class. Among her visitors was a lovely marchioness (who shall be nameless) whose manner pleased me very much. I determined to effect her conquest. She was fond of handsome puppies; it soon became evident that she was pining for me. I timed matters correctly—bit Lady Flora in the finger on the very morning when my Countess came modestly to make known to that lady her love for me. In her indignation Lady Flora yielded me—and I was happy.

"But I soon got tired. I got tired of every thing, in fact—tired of worrying Angora cats and pet Canaries, of killing parrots and wounding the calves of favorite footmen. Tired eventually of my Countess—who also tired of me, and gave me away. I began going down hill. Fast Dogs do, I have noticed, at a certain period of their lives; and perceiving this I did what Fast Dogs under such circumstances generally do—made love to a rich old lady, with a view to settling myself in life. I was successful, as usual. She adopted me—died, and left me a fortune during my lifetime, with two servants to wait upon me. They have the care of me, and of course are my slaves. We have been traveling for a little wholesome excitement. But I am tired of it.

"I am tired of writing, too."

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

An Accident and a Delay.—The Euphrates Railway.—Luke the Physician.—The Start for Antioch.—A romantic Adventure.—Six beautiful Ladies.—An American or English Lady among the Armenians.—A strange Interview.—The Ladies disappear.—Arrival at Antioch.—Who is she?

ALEXANDRETTA is, as you probably recollect, the proposed terminus of the Mediterranean of the new railway to the Euphrates Valley, and I confess that I have great confidence in the ultimate completion of this road.

In odd papers that have from time to time reached me from America, I have seen curious speculations about a railway in Holy Land, and writers have suggested that Jerusalem and other places would be important stations on the line. I know not out of what these notions have grown. No railway project is known of in the East which has a line within a hundred miles of Jerusalem; nor does it seem probable that within knowledge of the present generation there will be a rail laid in what is properly Holy Land. But if this line be completed which is now sincerely projected, it will be curious enough to go over it, especially for those who have in former years traversed these countries on horseback, and with slow baggage trains.

How would Luke, the good doctor of old Antioch, be astounded by a railway train! I fancy that even he would have been puzzled to attend to the exigencies of a collision! And then to run by Aleppo at express speed, and be landed on the bank of the Euphrates in the evening of the same day you left the sea-coast!

I had a tedious time of it in getting up to Antioch.

On the day that I rode out to the battle-field of Issus, my mare, in crossing a dense, thorny cover that I was forced to take, hurt her off fore foot, and when I reached the town was dead lame. The poor creature, with the determination that her breed is so celebrated for, showed no sign of injury so long as I was on her. She must have borne great pain all the way home, for I found a thorn run nearly into the joint, and it was marvelous she did not fall with me. The accommodations at Alexandretta were of the vilest. Our English friends had the only tolerable rooms in the caravanserai, to which, by using blankets and Persian carpets, and shawls and cloaks, they imparted something of an air of comfort, but John and myself slept on the ground floor, in a hole that I was ashamed to bring my horse into.

For I did bring her in as soon as I ascertained her condition. The night was cold, and I was alarmed by the nature of the wound. We all slept together, therefore, that night, as indeed we had done a great many times before.

The next morning she was doing well; but on the third day, seeing that it was out of the question for me to go, I sent the party off, promising to come up to Antioch in as few days as the animal's injury would permit.

I had a lonely time of it in that little town for a week. Occasionally I rode out on a donkey to the battle-field, and sometimes I climbed the steep hill-sides and looked off over the sea and around

the sweep of the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, striving to catch glimpses of the hills near Tarsus, but in vain.

At last she was well, and I tried her a day on the beach, and another day on the hills, and then started for the old city of grandeur and of fame, where the disciples were first called Christians.

We left Alexandretta in the early morning, thinking to reach Antioch by evening. The distance can scarcely be forty miles, and although the roads are not exactly fit for a fast gait, one would suppose we could have accomplished that in a day. And we should have done so under or-

giving them the appearance of dead men on horseback, with the grave bandages still on them, only their black eyes flashed out on us.

They were around us in an instant, and we were captured without so much as a chance to make any resistance. It was altogether an inglorious affair. I am sorry to be obliged to write it, but I must, if I would be a faithful historian of my own adventures.

Yielding to the inevitable necessity of the occasion, we acknowledged ourselves captives, and sat silently waiting the demonstrations of the enemy. Very singularly there was not a man among them

I have not space to give you details of the adventure. They led us up and down the passes until, at sunset, we found ourselves in a wild gorge of the hills, and approaching an encampment of a dozen tents.

One of these was larger than the others, and before it a guard was standing, indicating that a person of rank was within the curtains. To this we were led, and they beckoned us to dismount. I obeyed, and entered the tent, accompanied by two of the guard. The interior was a splendid affair. Curtains of the richest silks hung over the upper part, and the ground was covered with the rarest and richest Persian carpets. An odor of delicate perfumes filled the air. The cushions were of splendidly embroidered silk, and altogether the view was astonishing and bewildering.

The guards who entered with me bowed their heads and covered their faces as they entered. It was none of my business to follow their example, and I looked boldly around me.

The tent was occupied by half a dozen ladies, of whom one was chief, and also chief of the men who had captured me. This was sufficiently evident by the deference paid to her. I was not so much struck with this, however, as with her splendid beauty. She was not young, that is to say, she was perhaps forty; but her complexion was faultless, her eyes were blue as the sky, her lips were red, her whole bearing was queenly. It is seldom that such women are seen in the East, and still less frequently are they seen as this lady was, with face uncovered.

She addressed me in Arabic, and I replied in the same tongue.

"I trust that my people have not too much delayed your journey by bringing you to see me?"

"If it was by your orders that they have acted I have no complaint to make, but, on the contrary, I have to thank them."

"You are kind"—and she waved her hand to her guard, who vanished, leaving me alone with the ladies, five lustrous girls, who now obeyed their mistress's example, and threw off the veils from their dazzling faces. Imagine my astonishment and perplexity; but imagine, if you can, my overwhelming wonderment when the lady addressed me in as plain English as you talk in New York!

I must pass over this evening rapidly, for were I to relate to you every word of the conversation, which lasted till after midnight, you would be no whit wiser than I am about my fair hostess or captor. We talked of every thing under heaven except herself; for, whenever my questions were that way inclined, she checked me with a smile, and turned to other topics. She had been in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia. She had been, too, in many European cities. I could not even tell whether she was English or American. As the evening advanced we had a delicate supper that would have done honor to the Place Vendôme in its best days, and a cup of coffee that very never equalled.

The other ladies chatted away in Armenian, or whatever was the unknown tongue that the men had used, and sometimes they gathered around their beautiful mistress and listened, wondering with large eyes wide open, to the unintelligible talk of their lady and the stranger. I wish, for the benefit of your lady readers, that I could describe their dresses; but I should fail in that. Their white necks and shoulders and flashing eyes, as they



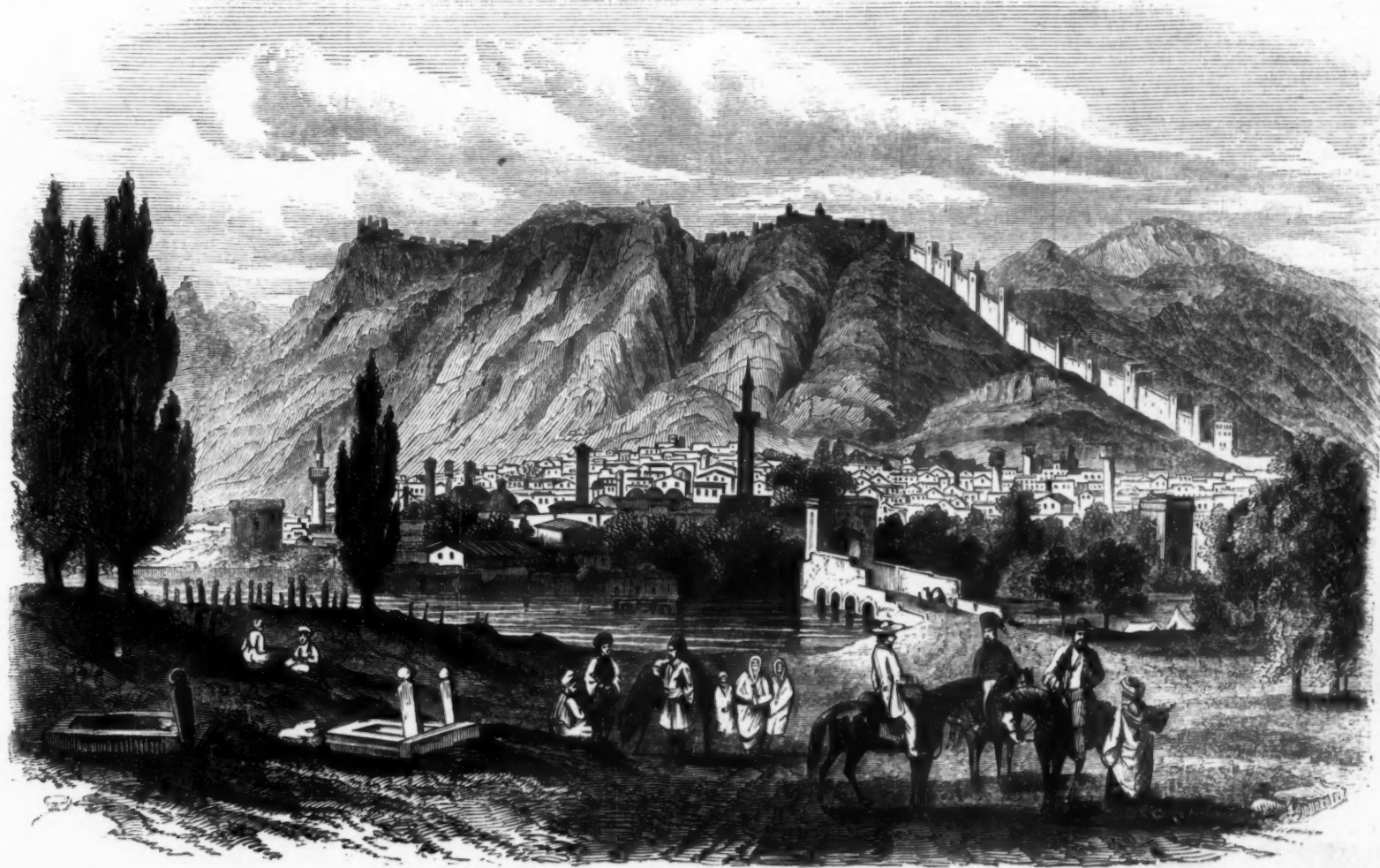
PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH.

dinary circumstances, but an incident occurred on the way which not only delayed us over the night, but which was, and still is, a puzzle to both Selim and myself, nor have we found any one in Antioch who is able to explain it to us.

We had crossed a ridge and were descending to a plain that stretches away to the northeast, rattling along at a somewhat better pace than usual, when from a sort of cross-ravine dashed out a party of men, twenty-two in all, dressed in a costume approaching more nearly that of the Mount Lebanon Druses than any other Orientals that I have hitherto seen. They wore the Nizam dress, that is, the brodered jacket and flowing trousers, and their faces were wrapped up in white cloths,

that could speak any language that we knew, and it was impossible for us to exchange a word with them. They spoke what I supposed to be Armenian, but it was of a barbarous sort, if there be any such, for out of a dozen or so of Armenian words that Selim and I could produce between us, they could not understand one; and it was by dint of the most unmistakable signs—to wit, their taking our horses' bridles and leading us—that we were informed that they desired our company.

"Needs must go when the devil drives, Selim," said I; and Selim appreciated the proverb, though he had never heard it, and grunted a guttural "Inshallah," which is an Arabic way of saying the same thing.



ANTIOCH, SHOWING THE ANCIENT WALLS AND CASTLE.

MARKETS IN LARGE CITIES.

We engrave on these pages a picture of the great Paris Market, *Les Halles Centrales*, which is one of the greatest architectural works of the present Empire. It suggests important reflections on the subject of markets generally.

We are told that when the good old Greek colonists, the filibusters of ancient time, landed on a strange shore to found a new "city," they invariably devoted their first leisure, and the best land they could find, to three public places—a temple to the gods, a market-place, and a gymnasium. When these were built or staked out, these old filibusters began to take thought for their private dwellings—but not before. To tell the truth, the market-place, as such, must necessarily have remained an ornamental establishment for some time, from the simple reason that the Greeks had nothing to sell, no one to buy, and no money to pay for purchases; but during the period which elapsed before the market-place became really a place of trade, it was used as a place of meeting for the citizens, and was the scene of their political strifes. Even after trade sprang up, and the *agora* was filled with hucksters, it continued to be the resort of political men, and those general assemblies of citizens, at which all political questions of moment were adjusted, were held there. A similar custom prevailed at Rome, and in the cities which were dependent on Roman dominion. The *fora* were market-places, where country people sold their produce; but on stated occasions the citizens met there to hear political orators; and whenever a revolution was effected, the impulse was given from a forum. Round the great forum at Rome ran rows of stores, low, one-story buildings, divided by pillars, without doors or windows; these were mostly occupied by money-changers, usurers, barbers, and the like. The real market-men sold their wares in the open square, from panniers on the backs of mules or asses. It does not appear that there were any stalls; almost each trade had its own market elsewhere, with ample conveniences.

It must be remembered, in defense of these ancients, that their ignorance was such that they despised trade. A Roman Senator who was found guilty of trading was degraded; and when the King of Persia heard of the market at Sparta, he declared that nothing need be feared from a people who met in a public place to cheat one another—though, for the matter of that, the Spartans had very little to boast of as commercial men.

Under the feudal tenure, the advantages of a stated market for the sale of agricultural produce soon became so obvious that the feudal lords usurped the right of licensing markets, and of selling licenses for the same. In England the right was assumed by the Crown; and towns became distinguished as market towns, and towns where there was no market. A variety of laws and ordinances were made in all European countries to secure the safety and validity of bargains made at markets; and a large revenue was collected by sovereigns and feudal lords from tolls on merchandise sent to or disposed of at markets.

Many markets, even in metropolitan cities, were established by wealthy lords, and remained in their family—the privilege to use them being conceded to the family by complaisant monarchs. Thus, Covent Garden Market, which is the great vegetable and flower market of the city of London, is the property of the Dukes of Bedford. The first great market building was erected at the cost of the house of Bedford, by Inigo Jones, during and after the Commonwealth. Within the past quarter of a century this edifice was torn down, and a new one constructed, with a Doric colonnade and granite columns; a fine structure to be sure, and handsome enough, when garnished within with the beautiful flowers and ruddy-checked flower-girls of England; but very far from what a market should be, both in size and in arrangement.

The best London market, so far as distribution and mechanical contrivance go, is Billingsgate, the great fish-market. Formerly this market was so disgracefully managed that its name became proverbial. Of late years, new and very excellent arrangements have been made, by which the health and morals of the fish-dealers and the comfort of purchasers are largely promoted. By an ingenious contrivance the air is constantly renewed. Fifty thousand cubic feet of foul air are pumped out every minute, and a corresponding quantity of fresh air is forced in. There, the supply of water is enormous, and well distributed. For the general purposes of cleanliness, two tuns of water are thrown, every minute, into a fountain standing in the centre of the market, and allowed to escape through channels conveniently placed for the dealers. Besides, a tun per minute of filtered water is forced into miniature gutters which pass through every stall, and in which fish are washed and cleaned. The refuse and offal are carried into the Thames. No effort seems to have been made to preserve them for fertilizing purposes. The net result of these arrangements is that Billingsgate is a healthy place, without the miasmatic tendencies which might have been expected. Excellent police regulations, which are rigidly enforced, still further improve this market. Fish which is in the least degree tainted is instantly seized, confiscated, and destroyed, and the vendor exposed to fine. This judicious regulation enables shrewd house-keepers to lay in a stock of fish at low rates. At a late hour in the afternoon, in summer especially, fish-mongers will sell the balance of their stock at almost any price, for fear the strict and indefatigable inspectors should next morning pronounce it unfit for sale.

Another advantage which Billingsgate Market possesses over almost all other markets in the world is that it has a port of its own, at which fish is un-

laden and handed up to the stalls without passing through the city.

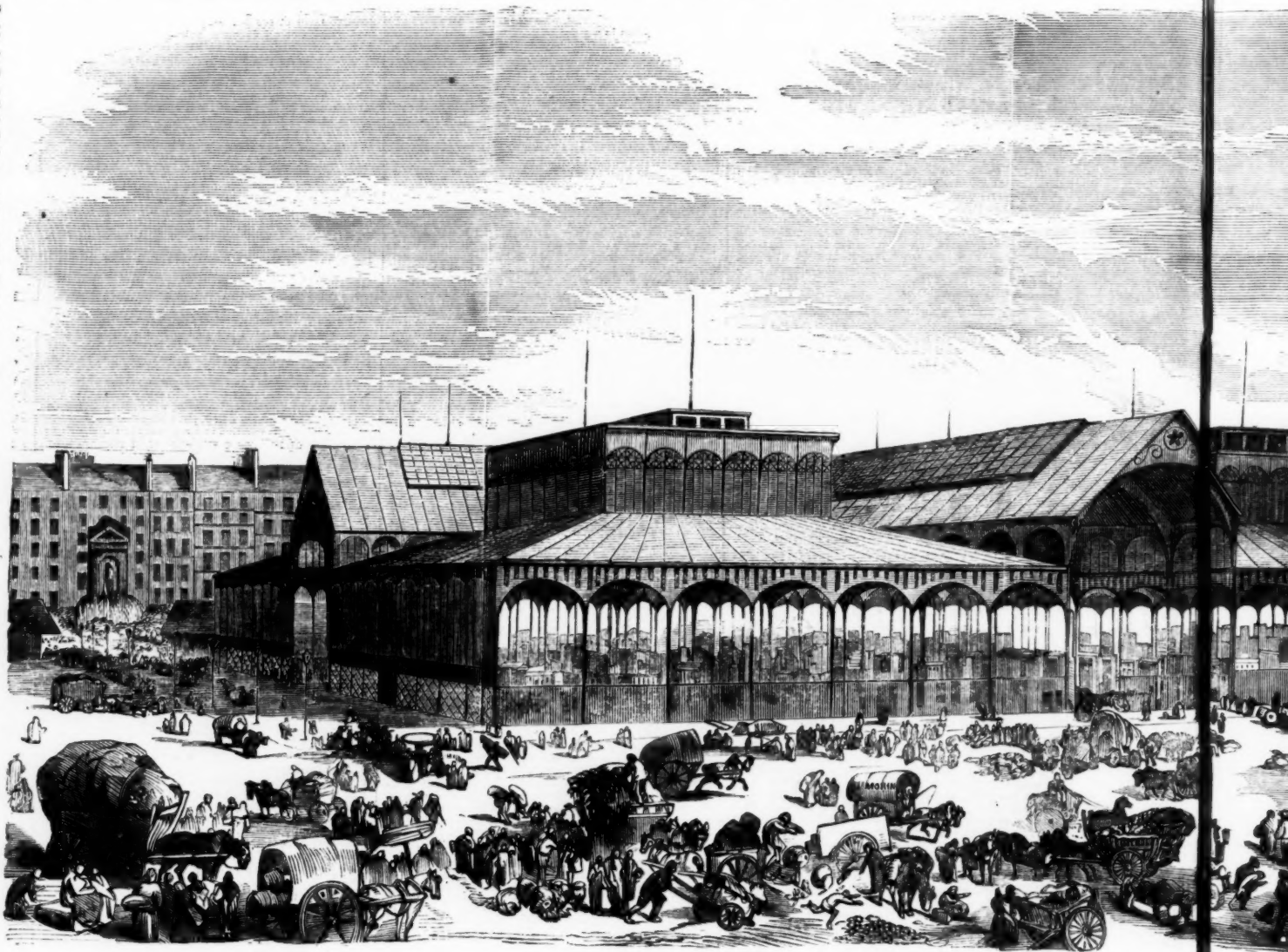
Very different are other two great London markets—Newgate and Smithfield. The former is the greatest mart in London for the sale of butchers' meat. It seems that in many instances the slaughter-houses are under the stalls. The butchers drive their sheep and cattle through the streets to their stalls; on arrival, a trap-door is opened; in some instances the animals are seduced to descend an inclined plane to the slaughter-house, but in others they are simply thrown down, and left to remain senseless, bleeding, and with broken limbs, till their turn comes to be killed. From these subterranean and ill-ventilated cellars a poisonous effluvia is exhaled; and altogether, according to the London writers, the market is a nuisance. So was Smithfield, which was long the great cattle market of the British metropolis. The sales of cattle and animal food generally amount to the large aggregate of \$35,000,000 annually, which is distributed among some 160 salesmen. The most frightful scenes used to accompany the driving of cattle to this market; the reader of *Punch* is familiar with them. There are, moreover, adjacent to these markets, slaughter-houses which infect the neighborhood, and are made the subject of periodical remonstrances by the residents. No contrivance seems to have occurred to the civic authorities of London to abate the nuisance of driving cattle to these markets against their will. Oxen are to be seen every day coming in from the country in droves, the old plan of screw-

It was Napoleon the First who said that the poor should have their Louvre. He said so *à propos* of the *Marché St. Sulpice*, which was built under his reign in the *Quartier St. Germain*, and which certainly, as compared with our markets, or many others on the Continent of Europe, would appear a very palace.

It was left for his nephew, the present Emperor, to realize the idea in connection with the great market of Paris—*Les Halles Centrales*. Those who have not visited Paris need to be told that the great market lies very nearly in the centre of the city, near the Seine, and close to the famous old Church of St. Eustache. It is a place of historical interest. Five centuries since the fate of the monarchy was discussed and decided at the Halles. During the long wars between the Kings of France and the Burgundian faction, and between France and England, the balance of power often rested with the Halles. Once the fishwomen of the Halles, backed, you may be sure, by a strong band of stout porters and market-men, waited on the King, and by so doing created so strong an impression in his favor, that a factious aristocracy abandoned the idea they had formed of dethroning him. Even the great King, Louis the Fourteenth, rejoiced at receiving a deputation from the women of the Halles, and condescended to kiss the fattest of the body. During the Revolution, the Central Market was one of the chief head-quarters of the revolutionists. Several clubs met in its immediate vicinity; and the women of the market and their

streets. This space is occupied by ten buildings or market-houses, constructed of iron, glass, and wood. Each market-house rests on hollow iron pillars; the roof is perforated at regular intervals, and immense windows shed a flood of light on the space beneath. Round each house runs a brick wall, to divide it and its dealers from the other establishments. The rain-water which falls upon the roof passes through spouts and pipes in the hollow pillars into cisterns underground, from whence it is pumped up as occasion requires. Each market-house is appropriated—after the Eastern bazaar fashion—to the sale of one particular article or commodity. There is a building for auction sales, another for butcher's meat, another for game, another for fresh fish, another for vegetables, another for cooked meats, another for butter, eggs, and cheese, another for poultry, another for salted provisions, another for flowers, and so on.

Each building is calculated to contain 280 stalls, of two square yards each. Each is separated from its neighbor by an iron grating, or a wooden partition. The furniture of each varies according to the articles to be sold there. In the fish department, each stall contains miniature ponds in which live fish can swim about and even get fattened for the table. In others again, rows of shelves and ingeniously contrived cupboards supersede the necessity of uncouth barrels and baskets. Each building—all being circular—is traversed by two highways which cross each other at the centre of the structure; a fountain stands exactly at the centre;



THE CENTRAL MARKET (LES HALLES)

ing the tail being still the favorite method of driving them in the desired direction. Since Smithfield market was shut up these remarks do not apply to it, but they are not far from the truth so far as concerns Whitechapel or Aldgate market.

A recent Special Report of the Medical Officer of Health to the Strand district, on slaughter-houses, describes a culminating abomination in the butchering of meat: "But confining myself strictly to a common-sense view of the subject, let me ask you for a moment if you consider it ordinarily decent that some of the meat which is sold in this district should, with the consent of the local authority, be permitted to be killed in an underground slaughtering-cellar, in which the water-closet used by the butcher's men is situate, and the meat hung up within two or three feet of such closet; or that sheep, previously to being killed, should be kept in the water-closet adjoining the slaughtering-cellar or kitchen, with their heads literally in the pan of the closet? Need I remind you that sheep are habitually kept in many of these underground slaughtering-places for at least twenty-four hours prior to being killed? This is no exaggerated picture; and the very facts described were witnessed by a gentleman who accompanied me in my inspections—a member of the board." Surely the meat which these men sell must be to other men poison.

A very different scene meets the eye when the channel is crossed, and the Paris markets fall under review. They do order these matters better in France.

male assistants—butchers, cooks, porters, etc.—formed a standing club, which sat permanently, and very frequently interfered with tangible effect in the concerns of the Government. Napoleon courted the people of the Halles; and fat Louis the Eighteenth was gracious to a deputation which they sent him, though he intimated to his Minister of Police that he would not like to receive another. His olfactory nerves were peculiarly sensitive. Louis Philippe was at one time very popular at the Halles; but the fishwomen being very Democratic at heart, when the King began to backslide they fell away from him, and even, according to report, were accessory to the attempt to murder him, which put an end to his solitary walks through the city. Under the Republic of 1848, the people of *Les Halles* rose at once to signal importance. Deputations of fishwomen were honorably received by Lamartine, and even by Cavaignac, and for some weeks the rabble which collected in the market assumed to direct the Government in matters of foreign as well as domestic policy. It need hardly be added that the ladies and gentlemen of the market have been relieved from political anxieties under the rule of the present Emperor. They are treated with uncommon civility so long as they confine their utterances to cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and their actions to the legitimate exercise of their calling: when they outstep these limits, the police have a few hints for their ear.

The space absorbed by the Central Market is about 20,000 square yards, including the cross

but in order to prevent a useless waste of water, and also, lest the air of the place should be unduly moist, the fountain only flows when a spring is pressed; thus every one who desires water can obtain it in abundance, but when it is not required the fountain is quiescent. These admirable buildings are so contrived that the temperature within them is nearly ten degrees lower than that of the atmosphere outside during summer, and correspondingly higher during the winter; a boon of no slender value to the vendors of fresh animal food.

But the most curious part of the Central Market of Paris is the underground story. One story below ground there is another market as spacious as the ten above, in which a number of stalls are situate, and a vast amount of business is transacted. Air from above is obtained by ingenious machines for ventilation, and stupendous windows furnish an abundant supply of light. The market, however, is the least important part of the subterranean palace.

There is a railway terminus there, with trains incessantly arriving and departing, and a crowd of human beings and cattle constantly thronging round the passage to the regions above. All live and dead stock from the country destined for the Central Market must come by this railway. The line enters a tunnel near the outside *barrière* of the city, and burrows its way under streets and houses to the market. There it emerges from darkness, and the cars which have received their load of beef, mutton, game, poultry, oysters, fish, etc., from

all parts of France, discharge them at the foot of the inclined plane which leads direct to the stalls. By this contrivance the streets of Paris are never blocked—as ours are only too frequently—by droves of cattle and flocks of sheep. No Parisian's nose is ever offended or his eyes shocked by the sight of a farmer's cart laden with fresh meat on his way to market.

Connected with the subterranean railway terminus is a sink, which receives from above all blood, offal, bones, and other waifs and estrays from the markets. Butchers, poulterers, and dealers in all kinds of produce, throw their waste into this sink, and see it instantaneously disappear from sight and from smell. It is not lost, however. Men are ready to shovel it into vans prepared for it; in which it travels every few hours to dépôts outside the *barrière*, where it is sold to farmers for manure. Since the science of agriculture has begun to be understood in Paris, the demand for this kind of manure has become enormous, and the offal which the butcher throws away in the morning is often fertilizing the earth before night. It is stated that were it twice as plentiful it could be readily sold at remunerative prices.

This Central Market, is, in fact, one of the most wonderful works of the French Empire. One only needs to read the above to feel satisfied that, for all practical purposes, it is as far superior to our markets as these latter are to the markets of some Far West village. It is, besides, one of the most elegant and beautiful architectural monuments of Paris.

num. Still it continued to be used as a market. In 1700, Mr. Valentine informs us that there were two flesh and one fish market in the city; but it was not till 1731 that every day in the week except Sunday was pronounced to be a market-day; at which time, it would appear from the Montgomerie grant, that there were five markets in the city—far more than would seem to have been required for a town such as New York was at that time.

Some of these markets seem to have been the private property of the citizens of the ward in which they stood, and subject solely to the control of these citizens. In 1735 the Common Council assumed charge of all the markets, abolished all fees, and leased the stalls to butchers. Strange to say, the influence of the shopkeepers was such that all huxters were excluded from the markets. The Corporation likewise undertook to keep the markets in repair. It would appear that corporations of that day were but little better than those of our own; after six years' trial of the administration of the market business, the Common Council agreed that some less burdensome method should be tried, and accordingly, in 1741, leases of each market for one year were sold at auction. The aggregate amount of the product of the leases averaged \$500 per annum. Twenty-five years afterward the value of the property had quadrupled.

After the evacuation of the city by the British the markets were repaired by the Common Council; they needed it sadly, most of them having been very badly used by the troops, and having had no

et will doubtless be our improvement on them; still, when they are compared with the great markets of Paris and other foreign cities, they are as far in the distance as our municipal government is inferior to that of European capitals. They are neither built, nor ventilated, nor distributed, nor regulated in a manner worthy of New York, or calculated to serve the interests of trade, or to protect those of purchasers and the public.

It has been urged that our markets should be dissevered from municipal control, and left entirely to the management of private individuals; that the ground should be sold, with the buildings on it; and that the corporation should have no more to do with the sale of beef and country produce than with that of paper or flour. One strong argument in favor of this change is the superior success of the private over the public markets. Many butchers and hucksters have established private markets in various parts of the city, and have been able to pay heavier rents than the city receives from any of our public markets. Hence the inference that the failure of our public markets, as pecuniary enterprises, is due to the incapacity of a public body like the government to compete with private enterprise.

There can be no question but trade can be better carried on in a market where two hundred people assemble to sell the same articles, than in isolated shops scattered through the city. The private markets at present in existence obtain customers because they are nearer the residences of lazy housekeepers than the public markets; but their prices

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Corollaries from the problem suggested in Chapters VI. and VII.

BROAD daylight, nearly nine o'clock indeed, and Jasper Losely is walking back to his inn from the place at which he had dined the evening before. He has spent the night drinking, gambling, and though he looks heated, there is no sign of fatigue. Nature in wasting on this man many of her most glorious elements of happiness, had not forgotten a Herculean constitution—always restless and never tired, always drinking and never drunk. Certainly it is some consolation to delicate individuals, that it seldom happens that the sickly are very wicked. Criminals are generally athletic—constitution and conscience equally tough; large backs to their heads—strong suspensorial muscles—digestions that save them from the over-fine nerves of the virtuous. The native animal must be vigorous in the human being, when the moral safeguards are daringly overleaped. Jasper was not alone, but with an acquaintance he had made at the dinner, and whom he invited to his inn to breakfast; they were walking familiarly arm in arm. Very unlike the brilliant Losely—a young man under thirty, who seemed to have washed out all the colors of youth in dirty water. His eyes dull, their whites yellow; his complexion sodden. His form was thick-set and heavy; his features pug, with a cross of the bull-dog. In dress, a specimen of the flash style of sporting man, as exhibited on the turf, or more often, perhaps, in the Ring; Belcher neckcloth, with an immense pin representing a jockey at full gallop; cut away coat, corduroy breeches, and boots with tops of a chalky white. Yet, withal, not the air and walk of a genuine born and bred sporting man, even of the vulgar order. Something about him which reveals the pretender. A would-be hawk with a pigeon's liver—a would-be sportsman with a cockney's nurture.

Samuel Adolphus Poole is an orphan of respectable connections. His future expectations chiefly rest on an uncle from whom, as godfather, he takes the loathed name of Samuel. He prefers to sign himself Adolphus; he is popularly styled Dolly. For his present existence he relies ostensibly on his salary as an assistant in the house of a London tradesman in a fashionable way of business. Mr. Latham, his employer, has made a considerable fortune, less by his shop than by discounting the bills of his customers, or of other borrowers whom the loan draws into the net of the custom. Mr. Latham connives at the sporting tastes of Dolly Poole. Dolly has often thus been enabled to pick up useful pieces of information as to the names and repute of such denizens of the sporting world as might apply to Mr. Latham for temporary accommodation. Dolly Poole has many sporting friends; he has also many debts. He has been a dupe, he is now a rogue; but he wants decision of character to put into practice many valuable ideas that his experience of dupe and his development into rogue suggest to his ambition. Still, however, now and then, whenever a shabby trick can be safely done, he is what he calls "lucky." He has conceived a prodigious admiration for Jasper Losely, one cause for which will be explained in the dialogue about to be recorded; another cause for which is analogous to that loving submission with which some ill-conditioned brute acknowledges a master in the hand that has thrashed it. For at Losely's first appearance at the convivial meeting just concluded, being nettled at the imperious airs of superiority which that roysterer assumed, mistaking for effeminacy Jasper's elaborate dandyism, and not recognizing in the bravo's elegant proportions the tiger-like strength of which, in truth, that tiger-like suppleness should have warned him, Dolly Poole provoked a quarrel, and being himself a stout fellow, nor unaccustomed to athletic exercises, began to spar; the next moment he was at the other end of the room full sprawl on the floor; and, two minutes afterward, the quarrel made up by conciliating banquets, with every bone in his skin seeming still to rattle, he was generously blubbing out that he never bore malice, and shaking hands with Jasper Losely as if he had found a benefactor. But now to the dialogue.

JASPER. "Yes, Poole, my hearty, as you say, that fellow trumping my best club lost me the last rubber. There's no certainty in whist, if one has a spoon for a partner."

POOLE. "No certainty in every rubber, but next to certainty in the long run, when a man plays as well as you do, Mr. Losely. Your winnings to-night must have been pretty large, though you had a bad partner almost every hand;—pretty large—eh?"

JASPER (carelessly). "Nothing to talk of—a few ponies!"

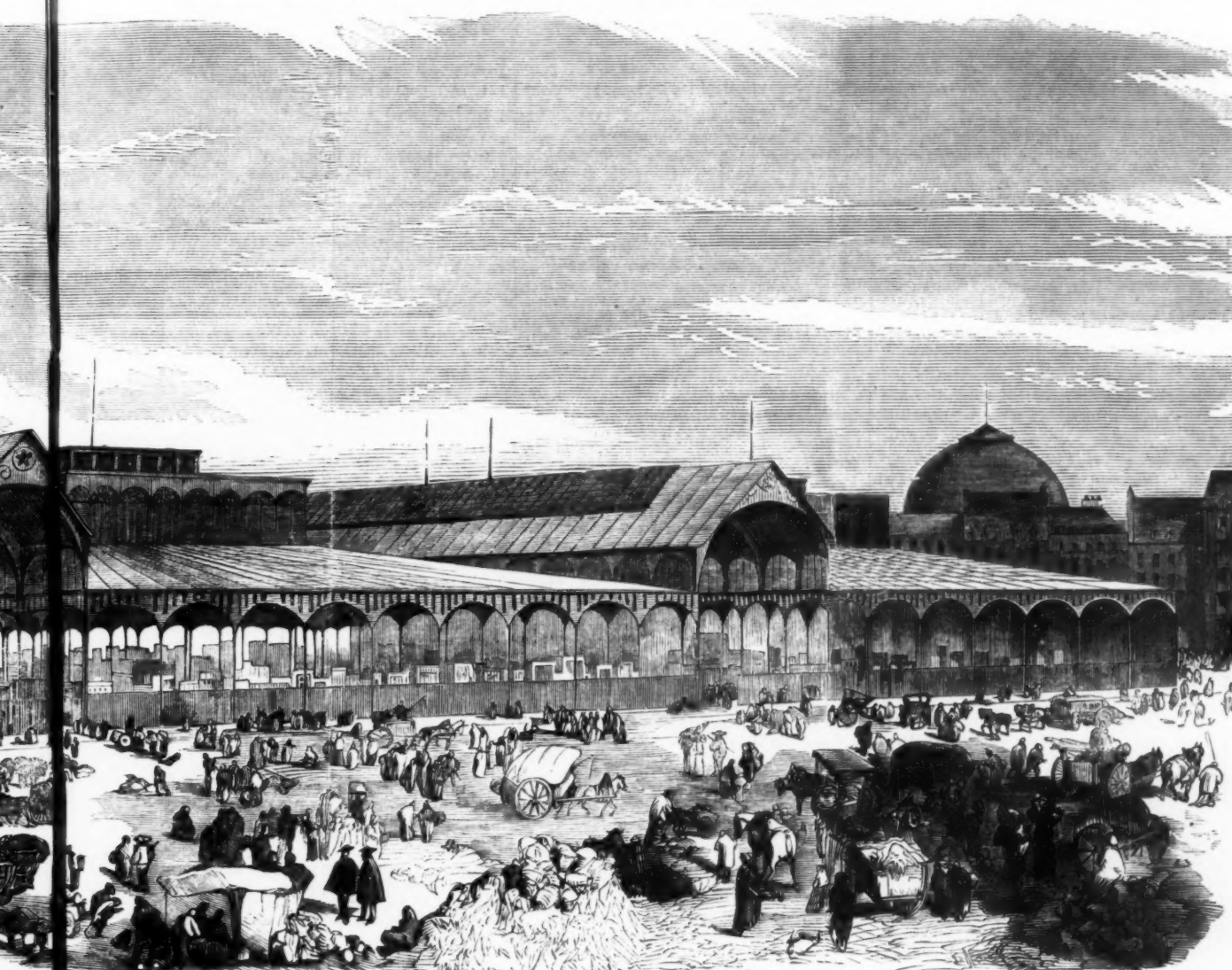
POOLE. "More than a few; I should know."

JASPER. "Why? You did not play after the first rubber?"

POOLE. "No, when I saw your play on that first rubber, I cut out, and bet on you; and very grateful to you I am. Still you would win more with a partner who understood your game."

The shrewd Dolly paused a moment, and leaning significantly on Jasper's arm, added, in a half whisper, "I do; it is a French one."

Jasper did not change color, but a quick rise of the eyebrow, and a slight jerk of the neck, betrayed some little surprise or uneasiness; how-



S HALLES CENTRALES) AT PARIS.

Our illustration, which is vouched for as correct, will testify to this.

It is not gratifying to one's patriotism to turn from the description of the Central Market of Paris to the markets of New York. The contrast may, however, be useful: we are always on the mend.

Through the kindness of Mr. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council, we are enabled to furnish a few historical memoranda of our city markets. The first market of which we have any record was established by a city ordinance bearing date just 202 years ago; the site was "on the beach opposite Hans Kiersted's house;" the market-day was Saturday. Thirty years afterward, under the English government, there were three market-days; the market was removed to "the vacant space before the Fort"—the present Bowling Green (?); and butchers were required to erect stalls at their own expense. A singularly worded ordinance of 1691 acquaints us with the division of business, directing that "there be two markets for flesh kept—one in the Broadway, the other under the trees by the Slip. Fish shall be brought into the dock over against the City Hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in." The spot indicated was near the head of Coenties Slip; but who was Long Mary, who is immortalized in this fishy connection?

It seems that the market "under the trees by the Slip" took away all the business from the old establishment in Broadway; for we find that the market-house in Broadway was rented in 1694 to Henry Crosby, butcher, for seven years, at £1 per an-

repairs for many years. After the Revolution the practice of letting the markets to individuals appears to have been abandoned; we find the Mayor, who was *ex officio* Clerk of the Markets, reporting that the market fees collected by him amounted to nearly £600, which the Common Council allowed him to retain one-half.

A new plan was tried in 1796. Stalls in the old Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane, were sold to butchers at prices ranging from £20 to £530. When the Fly Market was pulled down, in 1822, and the Fulton Market established, the butchers who had purchased stalls twenty-six years before sued the Corporation for damages, and—such is the luck of the city—actually obtained reimbursement of the total amounts they had paid.

For some time during the present century the choice stalls in the city markets were disposed of at a premium to butchers; and competition at one time ran so high that very choice stalls sold for \$4000. This system was abandoned in 1835; since which time the stalls have been disposed of by lot.

There are at present in New York twelve markets, which altogether bring the city in debt many thousand dollars a year, the fees and rents of stands and cellars falling considerably short of the expenses of repairs, salaries, and gas. None of these markets, it may be safely said, is worthy of so great a city as this. Though Fulton and Washington Markets are vast improvements on the establishments which filled their place in the days of our ancestors; though the new Tompkins Mark-

are notoriously higher than are obtained at Fulton Market, and the choice of commodities is necessarily less. It is undeniable that the public interest would be better served by the erection of three or four model markets, with two hundred and fifty stands apiece, than by the establishment of a thousand private markets.

This, however, does not touch the question whether such public markets should be under the control of the corporation or the property of private individuals. According to the teaching of experience and analogy, it would appear that such markets, established under municipal authority, and subject to a certain specific municipal supervision, would be more successful, as commercial enterprises, if they were in the hands of private individuals, than if they remained in those of the corporation. But in either case, to insure success, and to make them worthy of general public support, they should be a great improvement on the markets now in existence, and some approach—at all events—to the model market which we engrave elsewhere.

After the new reservoir is built there will be no lack of water for market purposes, and fresh air can always be had with a proper system of ventilation. Sound regulations rigidly carried out are likewise within the scope of possibility, provided we elect good mayors. The subject is one of too much importance to the interests of producers and consumers, to the advance of trade, and to the public health, to be passed over lightly.

week at my trade, losing a third of my time, too, with illness and bad luck."

"Yes, I remember that. Little Alice was only two weeks old, and the mother quite feeble."

"We were living, you may remember, in D— Street, in a cheap neighborhood. Our rooms were on the third floor."

"It was there I paid you my last visit."

"You left me at ten in the evening. I had a bed for myself in the front room, just opposite the door. There was a square table, or light-stand, by the side of the bed."

"Yes."

"As soon as you left me I lay down to read, placing the candle on the table."

"An old habit of yours."

"I have read through many hundred volumes in that way. That night, about twelve, I fell asleep, and the first thing that met my eyes in the morning was a square box, resting on the table. It was of ebony, bound with brass. On the end of the box toward myself were three brass letters, S. P. L., the initials of my name. The box had no lock nor hinges. I saw that to open it the brass hoops must be cut with a file and removed. It was in size about equal to a small writing-desk, such as ladies use for their gilt-edge correspondence. At each end was a strong handle, evidently for the convenience of lifting and carrying. I observed that the table had been moved about three feet from the bed. The candle, which was half-burned when I fell asleep, was inverted in the socket. It was six in the morning when I waked. On rising and making a general reconnaissance, I found the door of my room leading into the entry standing ajar; the key was on the inside. I remembered locking it on the inside just after your departure."

"And what was in this box?"

"All in good time. I passed into the bedroom and found Alice, and the baby, and little Dick, asleep. Both the windows of my room were open, as I had left them, for the night was warm."

"Well, the box—"

"After a careful survey I concluded that some person must have come in by the front window, as there was no other ingress; the door of the back room being also secured, and the key in the lock, as usual."

"I grasped the handles, and found the box heavy, weighing not less than fifty pounds. Thinking, from the weight, that it might contain specie, I quickly closed and locked the door of my room, and made a careful examination of the exterior of the casket."

"The initials, S. P. L., puzzled me. They were of an odd, barbarous shape, and could not have been cut by any European or American artisan. These letters seemed to authorize and invite an examination of the contents. With a file I began cutting the brass straps, and soon removed them. Under these were large screws, which turned easily. It was now only necessary to lift the cover, when the idea offered itself that this might be a torpedo, or infernal machine, placed there with a design upon my life. Not to be outwitted by such a devilish engine, I set the casket upon end, and gradually sawed away the wood, in pieces about an inch square. Within, I found a lining of oak-um, saturated with tar, which enveloped a second smaller box, of a wood resembling cedar. I cautiously drew this out, and proceeded to saw it, as I had the other. In this second casket I found four bars of gold, weighing each some twelve or fourteen pounds, and, in a small leather bag, stuffed into a corner, twenty large diamonds, each of which could not be worth less than five hundred dollars, and two of them three times that sum."

"I searched carefully for some interior marks of ownership. There were none."

"I am by nature, as you know, cautious, slow, and unexcitable, but the handling of ingots and diamonds roused a fever of cupidity in my blood, and, for the time, I grasped them as if they were my own. Conscience did not awaken. I made a fire upon the hearth and burned every fragment of the casket. The handles and brass hoops were not so easily disposed of. After some reflection, I went up to the scuttle, and getting down upon the roof, threw the pieces of brass, one by one, into an open lot behind the house—among bricks and rubbish."

"The next step was to discover a secure hiding-place for the treasure. Trunks, closets, the ceiling, the spaces under the floor, and a multitude of ordinary places of concealment, successively occurred to my thoughts, and were rejected."

"At length, after an hour of painful and agitating reflection, I asked myself the question, whether, if the real owner of this treasure were to present himself, and make good his claim, or whether, if I had reason to believe that, by dint of advertising and inquiry, he could be discovered, I would confess to its possession?"

"The question, literally translated into the vernacular, was, indeed, 'Liston, are you a thief?'"

"I was indignant, and felt insulted by the suggestion."

"In that case," continued Conscience, "will you be good enough, Mr. Liston, to give your reasons for burning and otherwise hiding and destroying the pieces of the casket? Nay, more. What pretext had you for opening the box at all?"

"I answered, briskly, 'that my initials on the box, and the fact of its being left in my chamber, were a sufficient authorization. That, in fact, I had no intention of appropriating the treasure, and should, that very morning, make a special deposit of the whole in bank, reserving only enough to pay the expenses of advertising.'"

"Conscience appeared to be well satisfied with my answers; and not to break promise with one so exacting and inflexible, I took one of the smallest diamonds to a jeweler, sold it for three hundred dollars, made a deposit of my treasure and the money, and inserted a standing advertisement in three daily newspapers, as follows:

dollars in gold, and other valuables. The treasure is in the keeping of a bank, and will be restored to the owner, or agent, after satisfactory identification and charges paid.—Address Z. Y., Post-office.

"Within a week after the publication of the notice I had received three hundred and thirty letters, each giving a different description of some imaginary box or casket. It was, of course, my duty to read each one of these letters. Some of them were written in cramped, illegible hands; others in the bold, practiced style of clerks' writing."

"I soon became weary and disgusted with the perpetual reading of fraudulent epistles; and to rid myself of as many as possible, added a few lines to the advertisement, as follows:

"N. B.—The advertiser will pay no attention to communications which fail of a full and accurate identification of the box and its contents."

"Five months and seven days after the publication of this second notice, on returning from my shop, I found a well-dressed, rather handsome young man, with shining black hair, and mutton-chop whiskers of the same hue, waiting for me at my rooms. He was engaged in lively conversation with Alice, to whom (if you choose to believe it) I had not communicated the story of the box. Alice, you know, is painfully conscientious, and if I had made a confession of my first weakness, she would have grieved immoderately. But I must tell all or nothing."

"The stranger inquired, with a smile, if I was the party advertising a box of treasure, and at the same moment handed me a card with the initials S. P. L. written on the border in pencil, and the name, 'J. R. Langdon, Cincinnati,' printed in the middle."

"A thrill of disappointment shot through the marrow of my bones. I had communicated the initials to no person living. The man before had made one step toward the identification of the property by his knowledge of them. I regarded him with positive hatred. Happily, it is not what we think or feel, but what we do and say, that is of moment. With a desperate effort I gulped down my disappointment, and from that instant the thievish sentiment did not again visit the secret recesses of my heart."

"I received the stranger with affability, and as Alice had fortunately not understood the question, as the stranger spoke to me in an undertone, I requested him to walk out. We crossed the street to a small restaurant, and retired into a private room. 'Now, Sir,' said I, cheerfully, 'let us have a description and identification, and the property is yours.'"

"The stranger seated himself, and called for liquor and cigars; but as I neither drank nor used tobacco, this point of sympathy was interrupted. He seemed disappointed."

"The box of treasure," said he, 'which you have been advertising since June, is not my property. I am sent by the owner to know what portion of the whole you will consider yours.'"

"Are you prepared to identify?"

"Certainly: it was a box of ebony bound with brass; weighed perhaps fifty pounds; the initials S. P. L. on one end; brass handles; size about twenty inches by twelve, and seven deep."

"And the contents?"

"Unfortunately, I can give you no information on that point. The true owner of the box and all that it contains is Madam Danton, a widow lady in Flatbush. As a friend of Madam Danton, I have visited you in the hope of recovering the property."

"I shall certainly restore to Madam Danton whatever of hers may be in my keeping. She has then only of late seen my advertisement?"

"About a month ago her attention was first drawn to it, by the merest accident; and even then she would not have known that the affair concerned herself so nearly, had it not been for a letter which she had just received from a relative in Batavia. The letter," continued the stranger, 'came by the way of Amsterdam.' So saying he produced a sea-letter, stamped with the several foreign postmarks, and the name of a Dutch merchant-ship, the *Shore-rose*, Batavia, in writing. The envelope was a strong paper of foreign make. As I could not read French, and the letter was in that language, he volunteered a translation. The purport of this communication, so interesting to myself and the Widow Danton, was as follows:

"S. Paul Lavernaque, a native of Marseilles, after an adventurous life as mariner, consul's agent, and finally ship-owner and buccaneer in the Indian archipelago, had at length settled, in his old age, at Batavia, master of a considerable fortune. Thinking that his younger sister, Louise Lavernaque, married to a Danton, and soon after a widow, in Amsterdam, might not utterly have forgotten him, he resolved to send her, by the hand of a friend, a small portion of his wealth. A buccaneer by profession, this worthy brother had acquired a better insight than most men into human nature; and, on the strength of his knowledge, had intrusted the treasure, hidden in a box of ebony bound with brass, to the care of an American sailor—who wished to return home—to be delivered to the Widow Danton at Amsterdam. The messenger, on his arrival, learned that Madam Danton had emigrated to America, and was living in New York. He sailed immediately for the United States, arrived safely in New York with his charge, but failed in discovering the residence of the widow. After several months of ineffectual and anxious inquiry this man had put a letter into the post-office directed to the person he was in search of, inclosing also the letter of Lavernaque. Why he had not done this sooner was unexplained."

"After reading and explaining the letter of Lavernaque, Mr. Langdon produced the letter of the sailor, a rude epistle, conveying information to the above effect, and signed 'John Smith.'"

"And now," said the courteous Mr. Langdon, the youthful friend of Madam Danton, 'will you be kind enough to state the expenses which you have incurred, and the share of the contents of the box which you consider yours. Madam Danton,

though poor, is liberal, and will gladly sacrifice a fourth to recover the remainder.'

"I was silent."

"In order to convince you, Mr. Liston,' he continued, 'please look over this police report. The date of the paper, you will perceive, is June 14. The date of your finding the property is June 10.'

"I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"On the night of the 9th inst. a fatal outrage was committed on the person of a sailor, on the sidewalk at the northeast corner of Avenue — and D— Street. A policeman saw two ruffians attack and knock down the man, who was carrying some heavy object, apparently a box or small valise, upon his shoulder. The policeman gave the alarm, but the villains made their escape, one of them carrying the box or valise. The sailor was taken to the station-house dangerously wounded with a slung shot. He was unable to speak, and died before morning. On his person were found a long Malay kreese, a jack-knife, and a silver watch worth about five dollars. The name John Smith was written on the inside of his tarpaulin. No person has come forward as yet to identify the body.'

"I returned the paper to Mr. Langdon with a feeling of certainty that this Madam Danton was in truth the owner of the property. I was disagreeably affected by his proposition to give me a quarter of the treasure, and frankly told him that I should restore the whole, excepting the expenses and a sufficient sum to pay for the loss of time and trouble—which was considerable."

"Would you then be satisfied," he said, 'with a thousand dollars?'"

"I replied that that sum would be considered by me as liberal."

"Well, then," he continued, 'you have only to deliver the property and the business is concluded. Will you do so to-night?'"

"To Madam Danton," said I, 'with pleasure I will give an order.'

"Unfortunately," he replied, 'Madam Danton is at Flatbush; but here I have her order for the box and its contents.'

"You forget that it is in bank, and can not be delivered to-night."

"True; I will call early."

"At nine o'clock you can have the order. Will you require a personal identification at the C— bank?'"

"A slight change, like a summer cloud, passed over the face of Mr. Langdon."

"I am a stranger in New York," said he, 'I think you had better withdraw the deposit yourself, and deliver it to me at your house, say at twelve o'clock.'

"Very well, as you please.' And we shook hands and parted with much civility."

"Now, thought I, it is proper to open this matter to Alice. She had made tea and waited for me."

"After a time she perceived that I was preoccupied and anxious. I began at the beginning, and developed the affair in its details. She was excited and agitated. I wished to have her opinion of Mr. Langdon. She believed him to be an impostor."

"Impossible; his proofs are complete and satisfactory. Why do you distrust him?"

"He is so plausible—so polite and insinuating. He played with the children—and made himself vastly agreeable—I dislike his—his—whiskers."

"I could not forbear laughing. 'Come,' said I, 'Alice, that is unfair. This Langdon is a handsome man, and he naturally wishes to be agreeable to a handsome woman like yourself.'

"Don't joke with me, Liston; I feel certain that Langdon is an impostor."

"Shall I consult W—d, the lawyer?"

"Yes; do."

"I thought you hated him?"

"Well, no; W—d is a gentleman, and shrewd; I hate his disagreeable puns and jokes, but I like him personally, and he is certainly keener than you are. You are too trustful by half."

"I will go and see W—d to-night."

"I waited till midnight for W—d at his house. He came home worn and irritated; but on my explaining the nature of the business, he became deeply interested, and gave it immediate attention. After a searching and minute examination, which lasted two hours, he let me go, promising to be at my house, as if by accident, at twelve, the hour when Langdon was to receive the order for Madam Danton."

"The next day I remained at home. W—d came in at eleven o'clock, and we again talked over the business. At twelve precisely Langdon made his appearance. I introduced W—d to him as my legal adviser. Langdon shook hands with him, and W—d immediately opened the business."

"Mr. Langdon," said he, 'will you be kind enough to explain to me by what means you learned the name and residence of Mr. Liston?'"

"With pleasure. Feeling that a personal interview would be necessary, I placed myself at the box-office, and waited until Mr. Liston called for letters directed to Z. Y., I then followed him to his house, and inquired his name at the store opposite."

"H'm. It is singular that John Smith, the sailor, did not write sooner to Madam Danton."

"Smith was evidently a common sailor; and you can see by his letter that writing was a labor to him. He put it off to the last moment."

"Will you let me see Lavernaque's letter, Mr. Langdon?"

"Langdon gave the letter. W—d, I knew, was a master of French."

"He took the letter to the window and read it carefully. He then asked for John Smith's letter, which, I thought, Langdon gave him unwillingly."

"After a close inspection of the two, he folded them up and put them in his breast pocket. 'Of course, Mr. Langdon, you will have no objection to my retaining these letters?'"

"None whatever; they are the property of Madam Danton, but she will receive in exchange, through me, the property in question."

"H'm. Strange that Lavernaque should not have named the amount of treasure contained in the box?"

"Perhaps," said Langdon, 'you had better let me go for Madam Danton; and you can give the property to her. I presume it is in this house, as we agreed, Mr. Liston?'"

"No," said I, 'we thought it better to make further investigations into the claims of Madam Danton. I have a friend living in Batavia; I will write to him in regard to it.'

"Mr. Langdon became uneasy. He rose and asked for the letters."

"W—d smiled, and shook his head. Langdon's brow grew dark and threatening."

"Sir," said he to W—d, 'it is not the act of a gentleman for you to retain these letters.'

"I believe them to be forgeries," replied W—d, coldly, 'and I shall not give them up until they have been examined by some person skilled in handwritings. They are safe with me, Sir, and shall be returned to you as soon as they are pronounced genuine. The handwritings of both appear to me to have been executed by the same writer.'

"While W—d was speaking, Langdon, who sat near the door, took up his hat, and escaped so quietly and quickly he seemed to vanish."

"W—d laughed. 'It would have been troublesome to prove,' said he, 'taking out the letters, that these are forgeries; but the fellow has saved us that labor. A more experienced swindler would have defied us to the proof.'

"His description of the casket," said I, 'was accurate. By what means did he arrive at it?'"

"He must have been in communication with the person or persons who left it in your room. This morning I looked over a file of newspapers, and found the police report of June 14; I then applied at the station-house for additional facts. There have been no inquiries for the murdered seaman. The report I inquire to be substantially correct."

"It seems to me," said I, 'that we have blundered in allowing Langdon to escape.'

"W—d was annoyed by the suggestion, and hurried off to the police office; but it was too late. The presumptive forger had either disguised himself too effectually for recognition, or had left the city."

"In April of the succeeding year I moved into a small cottage in the suburbs of South Brooklyn. My business increased, and became profitable. I built a large work-shop, and employed several journeymen. I felt sure that the owner of the treasure would by-and-by appear and establish his claim. Alice thought differently. She would never believe that the initials S. P. L. were not intended for my own name. She dreamed continually about the treasure; and in those visions the handsome swindler always made his appearance, which led me to suspect that his personal attractions had made a deeper impression upon her fancy than she was willing to acknowledge."

"The cottage which we occupied was the last one in a row of eight, built alike, each with a garden in front. The cottage next to ours was inhabited by a respectable, quiet old lady and her son, a dark, taciturn man, apparently about forty years of age. The old lady soon scraped acquaintance with Alice, over the railings of the garden, and they seemed to be mutually pleased with each other. Mrs. Maxwell—that was the name of our neighbor—complained bitterly of the business by which her son, John Maxwell, a widower, earned his living. As a journeyman printer, employed on a daily paper, he was absent every night until two o'clock, and sometimes until daylight. In the day time he remained in the house, smoking and drinking beer, and reading flash novels. The old lady compared his life to that of his father, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, for whose memory she professed a degree of respect bordering on adoration. Old Mrs. Maxwell was popular in the neighborhood, and reputed charitable; but, for my part, I conceived a thorough detestation for her and her son—the one as a mischievous go-between, and the other as a sullen sot."

"I had rented this cottage for a year, and, notwithstanding the aversion I felt for our neighbors, fancied it necessary to remain in it. The upper rooms were divided from Mrs. Maxwell's by a mere partition of boards, and we found the snoring, hiccupping, and grumbling of Mr. John Maxwell so thoroughly unpleasant, we were forced to leave that part of the house unoccupied, and confined ourselves to the first floor and basement."

"One evening, while crossing the South Ferry to New York, I caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar. The owner of the face avoided me, but I followed and cornered him; and in spite of the red hair and sandy whiskers, no longer shining with artificial blackness, I recognized the intelligent and polite Mr. Langdon, the friend of the widow Danton."

"Mr. Langdon, I think?"

"You have mistaken the man."

"Not at all; I have a good memory for faces. Now, Mr. Langdon, since we are happily met, you will find it necessary to go with me to the station-house, and from thence you will be taken to a place of greater security. Not a word; I need your services, Mr. Langdon. The less trouble you give me the less you make for yourself."

"I put Langdon in charge of an officer at the landing, and rode up to W—d's. The same night we paid the friend of Madam Danton a visit in his cell. The officers of the law recognized him as a notorious swindler, commonly known as Faro Bill."

"Faro Bill was very liberal of his promises, and agreed to tell all he knew if we would give him his liberty, and forbear to appear against him. He then stated that he left the city the night after his interview with W—d and myself, and that he was himself one of the two men who had attacked the sailor on the corner of Avenue — and D— Street; that he and his comrade ran down a blind alley with the box, which they found very heavy, and impossible to open without a file and screw-driver. While in this hiding-place they both noticed the initials S. P. L. upon the casket. As the police were still in pursuit they dared not come out,

FOUND, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF D— Street, corner of Avenue —, early on the morning of the 10th of June, a box containing several thousand

and joined him in many a hymn, thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them, and I doubt not their whole life was conformable to the scene.—*Engle's Essays.*

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

MATHEW of Westminster says that, formerly, it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness; but that, toward the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and, lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before still existed in Rome, and was indeed a standing miracle, since it was preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from corruption.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THE DEVIL'S DIALECT.

Soon after Dr. Porteus, late Bishop of London, was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to Court, where his Majesty addressed him in French, which the prelate did not understand; he then spoke to him in Italian; with that language he was likewise unacquainted. "What, my lord," said the King, "don't you understand the polite languages?" "Oh, my liege," replied the bishop, "the acquisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much mortified by a reproof in plain English as any other dialect."

THE BUSTLING MAN.

A "BUSTLING MAN" is, to a man of business, what a monkey is to a man. He is the shadow of dispatch, or rather the echo thereof; for he maketh noise enough for an alarm. The quickness of a true man of business he imitateth excellently well, but neither his silence nor his method; and it is to be noted that he is ever most vehement about matters of no significance. He is always in such headlong haste to overtake the next minute, that he loseth half the minute in hand; and yet is full of impatience and indignation at other people's slowness, and wasteth more time in reiterating his love of dispatch than would suffice for doing a great deal of business. He never giveth you his quiet attention with a mind centred on what you are saying, but hears you with a restless eye, and a perpetual shifting of posture; and is so eager to show his quickness, that he interrupteth you a dozen times, misunderstands you as often, and ends by making you and himself lose twice as much time as was necessary. He writeth the merest note with an air; useth the blotting-paper with a thump, as if he would crush it; foldeth it with a flourish; seal-eth it with such eagerness that he burneth his fingers, upsetteth the taper, and, in short, maketh noise and wind enough for twenty times the business. In his hurry, he is continually mislaying what he wants, and then causeth worse confusion by turning out the whole contents of a drawer or a desk in finding it. If he comes to see you on business, he rusheth into the room, throweth down his hat and gloves, as if he had not time to place them any where; and taking out his watch, expresseth his regret that he can give you only two minutes, while you think the two minutes too long. After he is gone, with a slam of the door which goes through you, he steppeth back three times to mention some things he had forgotten. If you go to see him on business, he placeth you a chair with ostentatious haste—begs you will excuse him while he dispatcheth two or three messages on most urgent business—calls each of them back once or twice to give fresh installments of his defective instructions; and, having at last dismissed them, regretteth, as usual, that he hath only five minutes to spare, whereof he spendeth half in telling you the distracting number of his engagements.

THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER" AND ITS EDITORS.

THE families of Gales and Seaton are in their origin Scotch and English. The first of the Seaton's who emigrated to this country was named Henry. He came to Virginia about the close of the 17th century, and settled in Gloucester County; and from him, in a direct line, is descended William Winston Seaton, the present editor. The Gales are of much more recent naturalization. Joseph Gales, the father of the present editor, came to this country in 1793, having first settled in Philadelphia. In England he was the founder and proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, and to the business of publisher he joined that of bookseller. As had been the case with the first Seaton, he left his native land on account of political trouble—transferring his paper and business to James Montgomery, the poet, who changed the *Register* into the *Iris*, and who until his death continued a devoted friend to those of the Gales family who were left behind, as well as to those of them who had emigrated. He had at first entered the office of the *Register* as an assistant. On his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Gales sought, and at once found, employment as a printer with the leading man there, Mr. Claypole. While in that position he inaugurated the art in this country of reporting by short-hand the debates of Congress. An opportunity soon offering itself, he became the purchaser of the *Independent Gazetteer*, which he conducted with ability until 1799—making both reputation and friends. The person who purchased his paper and succeeded him in Philadelphia was Samuel Harrison Smith. Among his friends were the members of Congress from North Carolina. Through their influence he was induced to sell out and remove to Raleigh, where he established the *Register*—the *Gazetteer*, as we shall soon see, having been transferred to Washington, and transformed into the *National Intelligencer*. To speak of the elder



JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales as a man of superior ability, high moral rectitude, and a universal favorite with those who knew him, would be like repeating a thrice-told tale. The closing years of his life were spent in Washington, where his son Joseph and a daughter were already established; and after devoting himself with zeal to the organization and management of the American Colonization Society, he went to Raleigh upon a visit, and there died in 1841, in the eightieth year of his age.

On the removal of the Government from Philadelphia to Washington, Mr. Harrison Smith followed with his printing-office, and on the 31st October, 1800, commenced the publication there of the *National Intelligencer and Washington Advertiser* as a tri-weekly journal. By him alone it was conducted until 1807, when he was joined by Joseph Gales the younger, who had just concluded a residence in Philadelphia in perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of printing. In 1810 Mr. Smith retired from the business, and Mr. Gales became the sole proprietor of the *National Intelligencer*, at which time the second title was dropped. And here we must pause a moment for the purpose of looking at the antecedents of the newly-fledged editor of this important journal. He was born on the 10th April, 1786, in the rural town of Eckington, near Sheffield, and when his father crossed the

ocean was nearly seven years old. On his removal to Raleigh, about six years afterward, he was placed at school, and subsequently attended the University of North Carolina; and his youth prefigured the coming man. As a boy he is said to have had a fondness for the more sterling authors, and to have been an adept in the art of elocution. Like his father before him, he early made himself acquainted with the art of stenography, and it was in compliance with the wishes of his father that he removed to Washington; and though at first connected with Mr. Smith as an assistant, he very soon became his partner, and so continued until left alone.

In assuming the undivided charge of his journal the young editor thought it becoming to set forth one principle, which has invariably been the guide of his public life. "It is the dearest right," said he to his readers, "and ought to be cherished as the proudest prerogative of a freeman, to be guided by the unbiased convictions of his own judgment. This right it is my firm purpose to maintain, and to preserve inviolate the independence of the print now committed into my hands." In 1813 Mr. Gales married Juliana, daughter of Theodorick Lee, Esq., of Virginia, and niece of General Henry Lee, of the Revolution. In October, 1812, proposing to himself the change of his paper into a



WILLIAM WINSTON SEATON.

daily one, Mr. Gales invited Mr. Seaton, who had by this time become his brother-in-law, to come and join him. The partnership was formed in October, 1812, and the change made in January, 1813. The youthful intimacy which had existed between the twain in Raleigh at once matured into that friendship which has kept them together to the present time.

Here must we pause again for the purpose of bringing down the story of William Seaton to the period of the family as well as business alliance. He was born in King William County, Virginia, on the 11th January, 1785. At the old family mansion he passed his childhood, and there, too, he trod the first steps of learning, under the guidance of a domestic tutor. He also went through a course of training at what was then the famous academy of Oglivie, a Scotchman of family, afterward Earl of Findlater, who had the honor of teaching such men as Winfield Scott, William C. Preston, and B. Watkins Leigh. At the age of eighteen Mr. Seaton entered earnestly upon the duties of life; and, being a ready writer, he very soon became a politician. He first became assistant-editor of one of the Richmond papers. From Richmond he went to Petersburg, and took charge of the *Republican* during a long absence of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Field. His next advance was to the proprietorship and editorship of the *North Carolina Journal*, published at Halifax, the former capital of the State. Though its politics had previously been of the Federal school, he promptly took sides with the Republican party, in which he had been raised, and to which he always belonged; and when, on account of ill health, contracted on the sickly shores of the Roanoke, he sold the journal, it had become in his hands twice as valuable a property as when he purchased it, and obtained that additional price. His next move was to Raleigh, where, in accordance with a previous arrangement, he joined himself to the *Register* of Mr. Gales, Sen., and subsequently, in 1809, married the daughter of Mr. Gales, and sister of his future business partner, by whose invitation he came to Washington in 1812. From this point the stories of Gales and Seaton become united, and, with rare concord, merge into one. They have never had a difference of opinion on political questions, and never a jar or misunderstanding of any sort, but have, during forty-five years, lived in the harmony of brothers. They have never known a division of interests; from their common coffer, each has always drawn whatever he chose; and for thirty years past there has never been a settlement of accounts between them. To sketch the career of the *National Intelligencer* through all the ramifications of our political history for the last fifty years does not come within the scope of this article, and what little remains to be said here will be of a personal character. The lives of Gales and Seaton since they became mature and settled, have presented few events not common to all men; little of vicissitude, beyond that of pockets now full and now empty; nothing but a steady performance of duty, an exertion when necessary of high ability, and the accumulation, through these, of a deeply-felt esteem among all the best and wisest of the land. Tempering the heats of party strife, renationalizing all spirit of section, and spreading constantly on each question of the day a mass of sound information, the venerable editors have been all the while a power and a safety in the land—no matter who were the rulers. The modesty and candor of the *Intelligencer*, its fairness and courtesy, have been invariable; nor less so its observance of that decorum, those proprieties and charities, which constitute the very grace of all public life.

From the time of their coming together, down to the year 1820, Gales and Seaton were the exclusive reporters as well as editors of their journal; one of them devoting himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. Generally speaking, they published only running reports; on special occasions, however, giving the speeches entire. In those days there were no other reporters of the debates, and these gentlemen had seats of honor assigned to them in each House, and over the snuff-box, in a quiet and familiar way, the topics of the day were occasionally discussed with the most distinguished members. To the privilege they then enjoyed, but more especially to their sagacity and industry, are we now indebted, as a country, to their *Register of Debates*, which, with the *Intelligencer*, have become an important part of our national history. As in their journal nearly all of the most eminent of American statesmen have discussed the affairs of the country, so have they been the direct means of recovering and preserving many of the speeches which are now the acknowledged ornaments of our political literature. That they have, as men, given away to the poor money enough almost to build a city, and to the unfortunate spoken kind words enough to fill a library; that their opinions on public matters have been solicited by Senators, Secretaries, and even Presidents, opposed to them in politics; that their home-life has been made happy by the influences of refinement and taste; that their journal has done more than any other in the country to promote a healthy tone in polite literature and sound principles; and that they are universally respected and beloved by those who know them, are all assertions that none can truthfully deny. If to look back upon a life not uselessly spent is what will give us peace at last, then will the evening of their days be all that they could desire; and their "silver hairs," the most appropriate crown of true patriotism,

"Will purchase them a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend their deeds."
Nor have they been without reward—indeed one of the highest rewards in this world—for a kind Providence has preserved to them both, in health and activity, to gild their declining years, their accomplished and excellent wives.

With one exception, the *National Intelligencer* was the first gazette established in Washington, and since its birth-day there have been published, and have passed away into forgetfulness, more than one hundred journals of different creeds.



SCENE IN THE COAL REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA.
(Coalkey Tourist finds a Miser sitting on a gate smoking.)
 TOURIST (socially disposed). "A fine morning, Sir!"
 MISER (gives a grunt, a nod, and spits.)
 TOURIST (fancying the man is deaf, raises his voice). "A fine morning, Sir!"
 MISER. "Did I say it warn't? Do you want to argue, you beggar?"



PROGRESS OF JEAMESIANA IN FIFTH AVENUE.
 LADY OF THE HOUSE to newly-imported Page. "Now, James, we have a large Dinner-party to-day, and I do hope that you will be attentive, and especially that you will take pains with your dress."
 JAMES (who was a stable-boy in his own country). "Please, m'm, is I to wear my breeches?"



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MR. BROWN FURNISHES HIS LIBRARY.
 BROWN (*log.*). "Let me see. I'll take twelve feet of them, 'sorted—blue, red, and yaller bindings, and two and a quarter feet of them spotted backed wollums to fill up over the door of the Library!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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